

The Sun and His Cloud by drabbleshereandthere

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Summary:

You'd been waiting on a soulmate your whole life. And he, well, he hadn't.

The Sun and His Cloud

Author's Note:

Longest fic I've ever written and it ain't even that long lmao enjoy

When Billy Hargrove lost his mother, he lost everything. He lost his hopes, dreams, and his belief that some day he would find his other half. Ever since his mother had been gone, he didn't want to learn to love anyone else. Not even his soulmate. Chances are he would never meet them in the first place, he was moving to the small town of Hawkins, Indiana after all. He knew how love ended, and he swore he would never take the chance of feeling that again. His mother always told him that once he found his soulmate, that everything would be unbelievably bright. Unfortunately, Billy never did love the sun, he much preferred the shade.

Everyone was born with a different symbol that represented their soulmate. Different colors, different shapes, animals, and sometimes food. They developed at different times too, so it was untelling how long someone may have to wait. People that met their soulmates always said that they knew when they saw them, no matter how cryptic their symbol may be or how long they had to wait. They also said that the best feeling you've ever felt would wash over you.

You sported a black sun on the cuff of your ear since you heard about soulmates from your father. It was completely filled in black with sharp edges. You'd always imagined what it would be like to have someone love and want you- someone made specifically for you. Someone to hold you and comfort you when times were tough sounded like something out of a story book, but you just kept hoping. A sun kept you going. Your Dad met his soulmate, your mom. But she died giving birth to you. He blamed you for taking his love away from him, even if he wouldn't say it. You could never imagine that, "meant for each other" type of love. How could you? You'd never felt it. Your black sun was your saving grace. A black sun led every

dream you'd ever had of your future. Who knew everything could go down the drain before it had even started?

Billy Hargrove wore a soft grey cumulus cloud on his right shoulder blade with shame. What kind of symbol was a fucking cloud anyway? He noticed it checking himself out in the mirror recently. It also didn't help that ever since he came to Hawkins, he felt some sort of pull. Whatever romantic shit it was supposed to be, just didn't do it for him. He delved himself in teen girls and booze. Why spend time waiting on a soulmate that he vowed not to fall in love with? He wondered if it would hurt them. He also told himself he didn't care.

This school year was a bumpy ride. There was so much piled on work, a missing kid floating around town with a million rumors, Steve Harrington apparently lost his spark, and a Billy Hargrove took his place. You had to admit, at least a little- that you were curious. Everyone knew he was a lady killer, though. Talk about his dick weaved through the gossiping girls almost as much as he himself did. But, word was, keg King got himself really sticking to someone.

Billy was tired of the pull before the damn thing started, and if he focused himself on some other girl, then he wouldn't worry about some other one he hadn't even met yet. Claudia was hot, and she would do. Billy didn't love her, but he did love the way she made him forget. Forget that even after all this time with her, he still felt that annoying ass pull.

Curious may have been an understatement. Your best friend kept feeding you information about him, as she was quite the gossip herself, yet he's not her type. As new information came, the stronger the "curiosity" became and the more you would ask. "He's staying around some girl often, which is weird because he usually bounces around more than a beach ball. You've got to see him. Maybe he found his soulmate. People say it changes ya." "Hmm. What else?" "You ask about him ALL THE TIME. Just take a peak on your own. A lil' bit of sin never hurt nobody." "I'm pretty sure that's not-" "LET'S GO SEE HIM."

She was progressively dragging you to the outside parking lot, and as you got closer, a coil in your stomach began to grow. Your head felt light yet your legs didn't want to stop. What was happening? There

was no reason to feel this way. Were you getting sick? Your ear began to tingle. Almost itch, and it felt good to get closer to wherever you were going, and yet a sense of dread washed over you. Everything felt light, yet your stomach was heavy, and this had never happened to you before. Were you having a heart attack? All of a sudden your heart was beating and beating and beating. The coil was getting tight. Too tight. If it didn't stop now it was going to snap and-oh. You knew it was him. Your dark sun. Your saving grace.

Yet, the "best feeling" never came. What kind of joke was this? Then all at once, a dark realization crumbled over you and when it crumbled, so did all of your hopes, and dreams, and the belief that you'd find your sunshine. Everything crashed onto you. Your black sun. Billy Hargrove was your black sun. And there he was, leaned up against his infamous Camaro, kissing a girl like no one would ever believe. It sure looked real. Not like some sort of bounce around type of guy. Just your luck. He looked desperate with need, melted into her.

Billy was standing in the same parking lot as always. He was ready to go. Claudia was ready to go- yet he hadn't unlocked the car. And damn, if he didn't need to leave now. That pull was strong. Stronger than ever. It was coming toward him and all he could think was that he wanted you. Whoever you were. He needed you. Whatever you stood for. That pull felt like a 1000 pound weight pushing him with all it's force and telling him to go. His chest was heaving, and he was calmed by it getting closer but he wanted to be angry. Shade. Coolness. Relief. A guard from the boiling heat on a summer day. His cloud. Billy had never wanted anything so bad in his life.

Goddamn it if he was letting it get in his way. He pulled Claudia in front of him and kissed her with all the pent up frustration he so desperately wanted to pour into you. It wasn't magic. It didn't feel right, it wasn't anything. And he didn't feel the best feeling he could've ever felt- because he didn't see you there. He didn't see you walk away and leave him behind.

You stayed away from school for weeks. All of your hopes that you'd been clinging to for so long were beaten to a pulp in front of you. You best friend tried to be there, but she didn't know what to say. No one knew. The only thing she could say, was what she regularly did.

Everything about Billy Hargrove.

Rumor was that he dropped Claudia after school the day that you saw him. In spite, she attacked him personally, and spread around the school about his soulmate symbol. A cloud. No wonder you were a cloud. Just going to block out his rays of sun. Putting a damper on things. Everyone talks about the forbidden tragedy of the sun and the moon. Billy was a raging, hurting, yet radiant sun. And Claudia was in some way a moon concealed in the dark. Yet you were only a cloud. The clouds and stars were always left behind in the tragic tales of the sun and the moon. Who ever cared about the clouds, and how they only wanted to reach as high as the sun- so envious of the nearer, brighter moon.

You didn't blame him for kissing her the way that he did, or for looking for someone else. Billy had never met you after all. You'd saved everything for him, but you couldn't just expect that from everyone. You knew he was a player before, but he was spending more and more time with this girl, and you feared that he may love her. You were foolish- naive to think that anyone would wait on the clouds that would soon disappear into the dark night. Hiding behind the moon's bright image. It was beautiful, she was beautiful. She didn't sport any baggage, and they matched. You would probably choose her too.

There was no denying that it was him, either, everyone always knows. Not to mention, a black sun? He was obviously damaged, dark, a bit out of place and yet deserves to have some light shined on him. Yeah, Billy Hargrove was your soulmate. Yet, you didn't wish for it to be anyone else.

Billy Hargrove was your soulmate. All your life you waited to feel your cloud 9 when you met him. You couldn't lie, you did feel it. But he didn't. And so the pull was still there. Duller though, farther away. Pain was more prominent now. If you saw him again, all there was to be gained was pain. You didn't want him to be disappointed in you, after what he lost was much greater than you could ever hope to be. How can someone meant for you, your supposed perfect match- want for someone else?

Another week passed after Billy let Claudia go. He wanted to find you

and give being “soulmates” a try. Billy knew he sounded exactly like the caring bastard he never wanted to, but after he experienced how good you getting close to him felt, he wanted to meet you and set things how they were supposed to be. Billy Hargrove was turning into some sappy asshole and he hated it. He had no idea who you were for god sake. But, you were his remedy, his relief, his special cloud, and his soulmate. Even though that seemed like nothing to those on the outside, it meant a lot to him.

It's been weeks now, and he can feel much more than the pull. He feels the deepest pit in his chest and he wants it to leave. Now. It's part of what you're feeling, and he's caused it. He also knows that what you're actually feeling is amplified by 10 and what he's channeling is already too much for him to be okay with. He knows for sure, atleast, that you're hurt and why. Him kissing Claudia with the desperation that should have been used on your lips- not her's. How was he going to explain that he did that to her, to avoid you, yet all he wanted was you now. The pull was duller, further away. Even if he wanted to tell you, he couldn't. You weren't here, not where he had access to you. He broke his soulmate's heart, and he didn't know what to do.

“What can I do, momma?”

It echoed in both of your minds that night.

The truth was a hard pill to swallow, and it was that at some point you were going to have to go back to the place where everything happened. But, swallow it you did, as you made a plan for the next day.

Your plan was to avoid him at all costs. There was no other way that you could see things panning out well. Billy made a plan that night, too. The plan was, whenever he felt that pull again, he would go after it. No more avoiding it. He would be calm and attempt to be accepting of your bond that he didn't ask for yet was so adamant about saving. He really was turning into someone else.

When you came through the doors the next morning, Billy could feel you. He wasted no time in seeking you out. He could feel the coil tightening, everything becoming hazy and his mind weak, it was

almost all too much, but he craved more. He craved you. You could feel it too. As he chased after you, simultaneously you went the other way. There was no way that you'd let this happen. And it didn't. Billy heard the bell and was crestfallen.

The hallway full of people dispersed and he was alone with his thoughts. He was determined, though. He wouldn't lose his chance to meet you again. That thought was all that ran through his head when he felt that same pull to you again as soon as he was ready to leave at the end of the school day. Everyone was clearing out the parking lot, the buses had left, yet you hadn't. He felt you again. You felt him too.

It was so much stronger than before, and you would run, but it was after school hours and you had nowhere to go without someone seeing you speedwalking from school grounds like a madman. Instead, you opted out to walk behind the school into the field. If he couldn't see you, maybe he would leave. Then there wouldn't be much reason to stay. Unfortunately, you had underestimated him. You were reason enough.

He made his way down to the school again and found it strange that instead of inside or in front, you must have been behind it. When Billy began to head there, he knew he was close. The familiar feeling of lightheadedness and weak knees alarmed him. His heart was going wild, pounding all its weight against his chest. His right shoulder blade burned with impatience and excitement. Each step became heavier and heavier. Of course, he was excited, but he was equally scared shitless. What would he say? Even worse, what would you say? He'd have to tell you that he was sorry. As much as he hated to admit it.

Everything he was experiencing at this moment was so heavy. He just needed relief, a break, he needed shade from the heat- and as he rounded the corner there it was. There you were. Cascaded in the natural light from the sun beating down on you. You were looking at him, wide doe eyes gazing at his form. As you both took each other in, you finally met eyes and- the best feeling you'd ever felt.

The connection was instantaneously magnetic yet light, and warm, and everything was perfect. Billy's mind flashed with a smile he'd never seen, then a familiar one, his mother's. Happiness spread

through his chest as the coil snapped.

Your mind flashed with two smiles you'd never known. But, you knew who they belonged to. Billy's and your mom's. Billy knew that the one he'd seen unfamiliarized was yours. As you regained consciousness from your moment, you looked at Billy breathing out from his. He hesitated in coming to you- but only for a split second. He let himself ease into your presence and walked up to your form. As much as Billy didn't want to stop until he was crashing into you, and showing you everything he felt instead of actually saying it, but he stopped. He knew that even after what just happened, you feared the worst. He wanted to do this right. He clenched his jaw and swallowed before speaking. "Hey. Can I get your name, sweet pea?" You tried to hide your grin. "Hello. It's Y/N." One word that you said- your name, shouldn't have made his stomach literally flutter. Fucking soulmates. "M'sorry about-" "I know." you shyly smiled and nodded at him.

You knew. Of course you did. What a damn cliché. He was glad. "Come sit?" This was his time to deny her or there wasn't any going back. His vulnerability was hanging on a string. Billy took a moment to realize that so was hers, and if she was willing to give him that, he could try too. And so the sun and his cloud sat on the dry grass in the field with their hands interwoven in a promise. "You were meant for me."

People may tell tales about the forbidden love and tragedy of the sun and moon. Billy, however, would tell the story of his pure and neglected, yet kind cloud and you with your damaged and fiery, yet caring sun.